

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

Number 26.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

December is an Emblem of Old Age
Cheerless and cold, just stepping off the stage.
What else but Piety can be the prop
Of man's declining days? What else can smooth
The downward path of age that leads to death.
A hoar beyond the grave will elide the way
While the frail ark is floating down the stream
Of time, and hastening to the shorsetide
Of vast eternity. When I see
An aged person careless, unconcern'd,
Stepping as 'twere upon the brink of death,
And bending down with one foot in the grave,
No sight appears so melancholy sad.
But pleasing 'tis to view the soul serene
Watching with patience and with cheerful hope
For the kind summons to arrive and bid
Her take her flight to realms of boundless bliss,
Where sin and sorrow can no entrance find.

C.

PAPERS
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

We have read of the rise and progress of King doms, States and communities; but the following is told in such a humorous way, and, we believe, is drawn so near to the truth, that we give it to our readers, hoping that they may read it with as much pleasure as we did.

Progress of Towns.—In the case of country towns, where a highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered it is matter of analysis for the fashionable science of political economy to discover how one of them has grown or by what cement it is united. There is a church, that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a gracer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife content for superiority of dress, whence flows a milliner, and with the milliner a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and shave the smith on Saturday nights; and a stationer to furnish the ladies' paper for their sentimental correspondence; an excise-man is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A hatter, a hosier, and a linen draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born they cry for rattles and ginger-bread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shoemakers, tailors, and grocers. In the mean time a neighboring apothecary, bearing with indignation that there is a community living without physician places three blue bottles in the window; when on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the Inn-keeper, the grocer's wife, and the parson's wife, become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth and convulsion. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle; the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor prick-louse over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood knocks him down with the goose. Upon this plea an action for assault is brought at the next Sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect the evidence; the clerk finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a pettifogging attorney, and peace flies the village forever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a bank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter session of its own, a county assembly, the usses, and the gallows.

From the *Sierra Observer*.

THANKSGIVING. A TALE.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the fact occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things, which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be *banked up*, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage-way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot

in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpa's as any of the happy group. Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire, and fastened the doors, and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept, under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little tow-wicked candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the Devil is in the cellar! "Poh," said the father, you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—"Sure enough the devil is in the cellar!"—The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burnt blue and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another.—The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains, & the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants.—One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister, "to lay the Devil."

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credibility, than for talents and heroism, slipped the small Bible into his pocket, put on his hand and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners. On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once "to drive the devil away."—But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld him, removed all doubt if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the Priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar. While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves—the Devil has got me!" This exhortation was better obeyed than any, that he had ever delivered from the pulpit; his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first, supposed the intent to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being the lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathize with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of don't, don't proceed from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind of concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal upstairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene however was to ludicrous too admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

O. L.
The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence; every subjugated passion, like the wind and storm, fulfilling His word.

CURIOS EPITAPH.

A country farmer, by the name of Keazel, residing in the State of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and tarry all night with him, and compose his epitaph—for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters; to these proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the Poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be. The Indian replied, that he would pay up as he went—he had now got his supper and drank, and would make one half of his epitaph. Thus he began—

"There was a man, who died of late,
For whom Angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above."

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished; making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him as the preceding seemed so clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph: however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have his epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent, I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazel. Well, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again. Do so, if you please, replied Keazel, with anxious expectation. Well then, said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff:

"There was a man, who died of late,
For whom Angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above—
But while they disputed for the prize,
Still hovering round the lower skies,
In slipp'd the Devil like a weazel,
And down to hell he kick'd old Keazel."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazel close after him with his cane: but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

MARRIAGE.—I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah, there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "So Betty has got a husband at last," and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathize chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain.

There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for weal or woe; or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other.—Looked forward to, through the kaleidoscope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fairy Tales. The young man hopes his turn may come and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws. The girl from building fifteen, through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord of the piano through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry, she laughs and wonders what ails her, for, how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected and yet they are affected. Memory busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that time is a very industrious spider) from the picture of their nuptial bliss. The husband chuckles his deary under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Maully," or whatever her name may be, calls her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest caress, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by.

Meanwhile the old Bachelor and old Maid for

get the chair is not big enough for them. The old codger whom no one pities, but every one in turn laughs at as a "fusty old bachelor," very probable recalls to recollection one who in the days of youth reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection. One who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footstep from among a hundred; who loved—promised—waited before the nuptial hour gave him the right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or, the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as "an Old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love can alone impart. All, all are interested.

But the world! what does it care? those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre! Verily they too are interested in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing on my mind, when I dozed, and dreamed a feast was getting up and a large number it was thought would attend. Hymen entered, lighted by his torch, a crowd pressed to the door, but no one was to be admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned how the person came in Hymen's company. "No one will doubt," said the minister, "my right here for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent?" and seated himself in a large easy chair—"My, worship," said a justice of the peace, "could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed with bills of rich silks and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses. The mantua-maker and tailor close upon his heels. "They must certainly have bureaus and probably a cradle," said a cabinet maker as he passed along. "And chairs and settee," said the chair maker. At that instant a doctor appeared; Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. "It is a source of my most profitable employment," gravely answered the Doctor. "Then I have a right too," exclaimed a nurse, rushing forward; her left arm bearing a piece of diaper. A shout was now raised by the shoemaker—the poulticer—the victualler—the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who; among the rest a printer popped his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful smell, of the terrapin and oyster soup—"It is a part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in, let them in," said Hymen, for it is impossible to tell who is not interested directly or indirectly. Bid them all welcome to the feast"—and I awoke.

On full consideration I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in a wedding, and I hear it whispered, by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and year to come, than there has been for many years past.—*National Intelligencer*.

English Houses.—The light, and airy style in which some of our houses are built, have not escaped the satirical eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have often heard, that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able workman will build a house before dinner, which will be let for seven guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of sixteen may dance down before supper, there is certainly some grounds for the following excellent *jue d'esprit* which is taken from the note of a Parisian Tourist. "In London," says he, "it is common for people to be upset in their houses as it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; but that the materials are so slight, that small inconveniences attend these boulevards. A house in England falls down, and all the family tumble ends and ends into the streets. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake themselves from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wheel-barrow comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them away. The master of the house then goes to a builder, and treats with him as a Parisian does with his tailor, saying, my family consists of so many, measure us for a house, and see that it be sent home before the end of the week. If he be in straitened circumstances, he adds, and let it be a tight fit. If he be a rich man, a little more latitude or elbow-room is allowed. The builder takes the order, measures the children and servants, and sets up the house.

Eng. paper.

Jews at Jerusalem.—Rev. W. B. Lewis, in a letter dated Feb. 23, 1824, says the Jews at Jerusalem are shamefully and inhumanly treated by the Turks. They are forced to work without pay, and are bastinadoed and imprisoned to extort money from them. They are piffled when they visit the tomb of their fathers, and when they travel through the country. One of the chief Rabbis was shut up in a dungeon for the pretended offence of having left his door open at night, and his poor brethren were obliged to pay about 270 dollars for his release. Mr. Lewis observes that the palace and dungeons of the Turkish government are supposed to be built on the very spot where the palace and judgment seat of Pilate once stood, and where the ancestors of these suffering Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and our children."

The doubtful Frank.—Sometime ago a member of Parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied to the Post-Office to know why some of his frank had been charged. The answer was, "We did not believe them to be yours, the hand writing is not the same." "Why there is a little difference, I grant, but the real truth is, I had made rather free with the bottle, when I wrote them!" "Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to write drunk, when you frank in that state?" *London Courier.*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

[CONCLUDED.....FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

made an appropriation for Treaties with them, and for the employment of a suitable Military escort to accompany and attend the Commissioners, at the places appointed for the negotiations. This object has not been effected. The season was too far advanced when the appropriation was made, and the distance too great to permit it, but measures have been taken, and all the preparations will be completed, to accomplish it at an early period in the next season.

Believing that the hostility of the tribes, particularly on the upper Mississippi, and the Lakes, is in no small degree owing to the wars which are carried on between the tribes residing in that quarter, measures have been taken to bring about a general peace among them, which, if successful, will not only tend to the security of our citizens, but be of great advantage to the Indians themselves.

With the exception of the Tribes referred to, our relations with all the others are on the same friendly footing, and it affords me great satisfaction to add that they are making steady advances in civilization, and the improvement of their condition. Many of the Tribes have already made great progress in the arts of civilized life. This desirable result has been brought about by the humane and persevering policy of the Government; and, particularly, by means of the appropriation for the civilization of the Indians.—There have been established, under the provisions of this act, thirty-two schools containing nine hundred and sixteen scholars, who are well instructed in several branches of literature, and likewise in agriculture and the ordinary arts of life.

Under the appropriation to authorize treaties with the Creeks, and Quapaw Indians, commissioners have been appointed, and negotiations are now pending, but the result is not yet known.

For more full information respecting the principle which has been adopted for carrying into effect the act of Congress authorizing surveys, with plans and estimates for canals and roads, and on every other branch of duty incident to the Department of War, I refer you to the Report of the Secretary.

The squadron in the Mediterranean has been maintained in the extent which was proposed in the Report of the Secretary of the Navy of the last year, and has afforded to our commerce the necessary protection in that sea. Approaching, however, that the unfriendly relations which have existed between Algiers and some of the Powers of Europe, might be extended to us, it has been thought expedient to augment the force there, and in consequence, the "North Carolina," a ship of the line, has been prepared, and will sail in a few days to join it.

The force employed in the Gulph of Mexico, and in the neighboring seas, for the suppression of Piracy, has likewise been preserved essentially in the state in which it was during the last year. A persevering effort has been made for the accomplishment of that object, and much protection has thereby been afforded to our commerce, but still the practice is far from being suppressed. From every view which has been taken of the subject, it is thought that it will be necessary rather to augment than to diminish our force in that quarter. There is reason to believe that the pirates now complained of, are committed by bands of Robbers who inhabit the land, and who, by preserving good intelligence with the towns, and seizing favorable opportunities, rush forth and fall on unprotected merchant vessels, of which they make an easy prey. The pillage thus taken they carry to their lurking places, and dispose of them afterwards at prices tending to seduce the neighboring population.

This combination is understood to be of great extent, and is the more to be deprecated because the crime of piracy is often attended with the murder of the crews, these robbers knowing, if any survive, their lurking places would be exposed, and they would be caught and punished. That this atrocious practice should be carried to such extent, is cause of equal surprise and regret. It is presumed that it must be attributed to the relaxed and feeble state of the local Governments, since it is not doubted, from the high character of the Governor of Cuba, who is well known and much respected here, that, if he had the power, he would promptly suppress it.—Whether those robbers should be pursued on the land, the local authorities to be made responsible for these atrocities, or any other measure be resorted to, to suppress them, is submitted to the consideration of Congress.

In execution of the laws for the suppression of the slave trade, a vessel has been occasionally sent from that squadron to the coast of Africa, with orders to return thence by the usual track of the slave ships, and to seize any of our vessels which might be engaged in that trade. None have been found, and it is believed, that none are thus employed. It is well known, however, that the trade still exists under other flags.

The health of our squadron while at Thompson's Island, has been much better during the present season than it was the last season. Some improvement have been made, and others are contemplated there, which it is believed will have a very salutary effect.

On the Pacific our commerce has much increased, and on that coast, as well as on that sea, the United States have many important interests which require attention and protection. It is thought that all the considerations which suggested the expediency of placing a squadron on that sea, operate with augmented force, for maintaining it there at least in equal strength.

For detailed information respecting the state of our maritime force, on each sea, the improvement necessary to be made on either, in the organization of the naval establishment generally, and of the laws for its better government, I refer you to the report of the Secretary of the Navy, which is herewith communicated.

The revenue of the Post Office Department has received a considerable augmentation, in the present year. The current receipts will exceed the expenditures, although the transportation of the mail, with in the year has been much increased. A report of the Postmaster General, which is transmitted, will furnish in detail, the necessary information respecting the administration and present state of this Department.

In conformity with a resolution of Congress of the last session, an invitation was given to General Lafayette to visit the United States, with an assurance that a ship of war should attend at any port of France which he might designate, to receive and convey him across the Atlantic, whenever it might be convenient for him to sail. He declined the offer of the public ship, from motives of delicacy, but assured me that he had long intended, and would certainly visit our Union, in the course of the present year. In August last he arrived at New York, where he was received with the warmth of affection and gratitude to which his very important and disinterested services and sacrifices, in our Revolutionary struggle, so eminently entitled him. A corresponding sentiment has since been manifested in his favor throughout every portion of our Union, and affectionate invitations have been given him to extend his visits to them. To these he has yielded all the accommodation in his power.

At every designated point of rendezvous, the whole population of the neighboring country has been assembled to greet him, among whom it has excited, in a peculiar manner, the sensibility of all, to behold

the surviving members of our Revolutionary contest civil and military, who had shared with him in the toils and dangers of the war, many of them in a decrepit state. A more interesting spectacle, it is believed, was never witnessed, because none could be founded on purer principles—none proceed from higher or more disinterested motives. That the feelings of those who had fought and bled with him, in a common cause, should have been much excited, was natural. There are, however, circumstances attending these interviews, which pervaded the whole community, and touched the breasts of every age, even the youngest among us. There was not an individual present, who had not some relative who had partaken in those scenes, nor an infant who had not heard the relation of them. But the circumstance which was most sensibly felt, and which his presence brought forcibly to the recollection of all, was the great cause in which we were engaged, and the blessings which we have derived from our success in it. The struggle was for independence and liberty, public and personal, and in this we succeeded. The meeting with one who had borne so distinguished a part in that great struggle, and from such lofty and disinterested motives, could not fail to affect profoundly, every individual, and of every age. It is natural that we should all take a deep interest in his future welfare, as we do. His high claims on our Union are felt, and the sentiment universal, that they should be met in a generous spirit. Under these impressions, I invite your attention to the subject, with a view that, regarding his very important services, losses, and sacrifices, a provision may be made and tendered to him, which shall correspond with the sentiments, and be worthy the character, of the American people.

In turning our attention to the condition of the civilized world, in which the United States have always taken a deep interest, it is gratifying to see how large a portion of it is blessed with peace. The only wars which now exist within that limit, are those between Turkey and Greece, in Europe, and between Spain and the new Governments, our neighbors, in this hemisphere. In both these wars, the cause of independence, of liberty and humanity, continues to prevail. The success of Greece, when the relative population of the contending parties is considered, commands our admiration and applause, and that it has had a similar effect with the neighboring Powers, is obvious. The feeling of the whole civilized world is excited, in a high degree, in their favor. May we not hope that these sentiments, winning on the hearts of their respective Governments, may lead to a more decisive result? that they may produce an accord among them, to replace Greece on the ground which she formerly held, and which her heroic exertions, at this day, so eminently entitle her?

With respect to the contest, to which our neighbors are a party, it is evident that Spain, as a power, is scarcely felt in it. These new States had completely achieved their independence, before it was acknowledged by the United States, and they have since maintained it, with little foreign pressure. The disturbances which have appeared in certain portions of that vast territory, have proceeded from internal causes, which had their origin in their former governments, and have not yet been thoroughly removed. It is manifest that these causes are daily losing their effect, and that these new States are settling down under governments elective and representative in every branch, similar to our own. In this course we ardently wish them to persevere, under a firm conviction that it will promote their happiness. In this their career, however, we have not interfered, believing that every people have a right to institute for themselves the government, which, in their judgment, may suit them best. Our example is before them, of the good effect of

which, being our neighbors, they are competent judges, and to their judgment we leave it, in the expectation that other powers will pursue the same policy. The deep interest which we take in their independence, which we have acknowledged, and in their enjoyment of all the rights incident thereto, especially in the very important one of instituting their own governments, has been declared, and is known to the world. Separated, as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of the European Governments, nor in the causes which produce them. The balance of power between them, into whichever scale it may turn in its various vibrations, cannot affect us. It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every power, and on the improvement of this city. The communication between the public buildings, and in various other parts, and the grounds around those buildings, require it. It is presumed also, that the completion of the canal from the Tiber to the Eastern Branch, would have a very salutary effect. Great exertions have been made, and expenses incurred by the citizens, in improvements of various kinds; but those which are suggested belong exclusively to the Government, or are of a nature to require expenditures beyond their resources. The public lots which are still for sale, would, it is not doubted, be more than adequate to these purposes.

From the view above presented, it is manifest, that the situation of the United States is in the highest degree prosperous and happy. There is no object, which, as a people, we can desire, which we do not possess, of which is not within our reach. Blessed with governments the happiest which the world ever knew, with no distinct orders in society, or divided interests in any portion of the vast territory over which their dominion extends, we have every motive to cling together which can animate a virtuous and enlightened people. The great object is to preserve those blessings, and to hand them down to the latest posterity. Our experience ought to satisfy us, that our progress, under the most correct and provident policy, will not be exempt from danger. Our institutions form an important epoch in the history of the civilized world. On their preservation, and in their up-

most purity, every thing will depend. Extending, as our interests do, to every part of the inhabited globe, and to every sea, to which our citizens are carried by their industry and enterprise; to which they are invited by the wants of others, and have a right to go; we must either protect them in the enjoyment of their rights, or abandon them, in certain events, to waste and desolation. Our attitude is highly interesting as relates to other powers, and particularly to our southern neighbors. We have duties to perform with respect to all, to which we must be faithful. To every kind of danger we should pay the most vigilant and ceaseless attention; remove the cause when practicable, and be prepared to meet it when inevitable.

Against foreign danger the policy of the Government seems to be already settled. The events of the late war admonished us to make our maritime frontier impregnable, by a well digested chain of fortifications, and to give efficient protection to our commerce, by augmenting our Navy to a certain extent; which has been steadily pursued, and which it is incumbent upon us to complete, as soon as circumstances will permit. In the event of war, it is on the maritime frontier that we shall be assailed. It is in that quarter, therefore, that we should be prepared to meet the attack. It is there that our whole force will be called into action, to prevent the destruction of our towns, and the desolation and pillage of the interior. To give full effect to this policy, great improvements will be indispensable. Access to those works, by every practicable communication, should be made easy, and in every direction. The intercourse, also, between every part of our Union, should be promoted, and facilitated by the exercise of those powers, which may comport with faithful regard to the great principles of our Constitution. With respect to internal causes, those great principles point out, with equal certainty, the policy to be pursued.—Resting on the people, as our Governmental, State and National, with well defined powers, it is of the highest importance that they severally keep within the limits prescribed to them. Fulfilling that sacred duty, it is of equal importance, that the movement between them be harmonious; and in case of any disagreement, should any such occur, that a calm appeal be made to the People; and that their voice be heard, and promptly obeyed. Both Governments being instituted for the common good, we cannot fail to prosper, while those who made them, are attentive to the conduct of their representatives, and control their measures. In the pursuit of these great objects, let a generous spirit, and national views and feelings be indulged, and let every part recollect, that, by cherishing that spirit, and improving the condition of the others, in what relates to their welfare, the general interest will not only be promoted, but the local advantage reciprocated, by all.

I cannot conclude this communication, the last of the kind which I shall have to make, without recollecting, with great sensibility and heartfelt gratitude, the many instances of the public confidence, and the generous support which I have received from my fellow citizens in the various trusts with which I have been honored. Having commenced my service in early youth and continued it since with few and short intervals, I have witnessed the great difficulties to which our Union has been exposed, and admired the virtue and courage with which they were surmounted. From the present prosperous and happy state, I derive a gratification which I cannot express. That these blessings may be preserved and perpetuated, will be the object of my fervent and unceasing prayers to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. JAMES MONROE.

Washington, December 7, 1824.

A Sailor's description of the Manual Exercise.—My lands—the first thing you have to do, is, to answer to your names—when you hear the word "attention," you must bring both the starboard and larboard hands together, keeping your starboard hand, doubled up and square your shoulders by the fifth and braces, clasp both your fists against your bends, one and all the same moment, till the words "stand at ease," when the hollow of your starboard foot must be smartly backed astern of the heel of the larboard one; you must only clasp an over hand knot upon your

athwart your broad-bag after coming to attention; the word "shoulder arms," rouse Brown Bess by the middle, and borse her up from the lower tier of the starboard side, to the larboard bow, keeping a good look out that she don't make a lee lurch and capsize, otherwise you'll be apt to knock out your shipmate's top lights; at the word "secure arms," the starboard arm, which is now fast to the starboard bends, must go athwart your broad-bag, in order to receive Brown Bess by the breach, clapping your larboard fist to her midships—he sure to have her muzzle ahead so that her breech will come right under your larboard wing, so as to secure fire works from equals, no tarpauling being allowed. At the shouldering, at the word "present arms," you set Bess half round and seize her with the starboard fist, then fetch her up betwixt your flying jib-boom it will be two inches from her midships; he sure to back the hollow of the starboard foot astern of the heel of the larboard one, during this motion; after bringing Bess from the larboard bow, the next is "order arms," both of the two first motions of which are the same as "present," but at the third, you have her alongside of the starboard fist so as to secure her alongside.

Established Religion.—The moment any religion becomes national or established, its purity must certainly be lost, because it is then impossible to keep it unconnected with men's interests; and, if connected, it must inevitably be perverted by them. Whatever temporal advantages are annexed to any religious profession, they will be sure to call in all those who have no religion at all. Knows will emigrate for the sake of interest; fools will follow them for the sake of fashion; and when it is once in said hands, no human means can preserve its purity.

VOLUME I.

December is an Emblem of
Cheerless and cold, just step
What else but Piety can
Of man's declining days.
The downward path of a
A home beyond the grave,
While the frail bark floats
Of time, and has no place
An aged person careles,
Stepping as 'twere upon
And bending down with
No sight appears so melancholy
But pleasing 'tis to view
Watching with patience
For the kind summons to rest
Her take her flight to rest
Where sin and sorrow can

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1824.

We have read of the roads, States and communities told in such a humorous way, drawn so near to the truth readers, hoping that they pleasure as we did.

*Progress of Towns.—
towns, where a highland society has not interfered for the fashionable economy to discover how on by what cement it is uniting that is the ordinary four houses. An inn is a sexton, and a midwife. This produces a smithy, a tailor, the midwife, the brazier, saddler, and the brewer, tailor, a shoemaker, an soon learn to eat plumper follows. The garrison's wife contends for whence flows a milliner, a mantua-maker. A bairn, curl the parson's wig on Saturday nights; nish the ladies papal correspondence; to glaze the casks, covers that the ladies' sexton, a hosier, and a linen-greener; and as children rattles and gingerbread, idle and gouty, and get rate gets twenty children; it becomes necessary to tailors, and grocers. I boring apothecary, that there is a common places three blue bottles; on a sudden, the parson keeper, the grocer's wife, become bilious children get water in an evulsion. They are physician finds it convalescents become worse and an undertaker is having called the tailors ale, Snip, to prove down with the goods. The attorney sends his son to find a good opening the ears, becomes a peace flies the village, a large becomes worse, and a mayor, a man gallows.*

THANKSGIVING.—In one of the small towns in England, where the inhabitants still possess strong feelings, the fact occurred which the following An honest farmer a to celebrate Thanksgiving in an adjacent town, was extremely popular, and the multiplicity be done before they safety. The house with the gleanings of the fields &c, put into the cellar, thereinto might be closed and carried in the vegetable garden, the opposite side of the horned patriarch of a family, having scattered leaves of the entered the cellar and feast. The avenue which was immediately necessary work and planted, the larger boy

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH." SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

Number 26.

POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

December is an Emblem of Old Age
Cheerless and cold, just sleeping of the stage.
What else but Piety can be the prop
Of man's declining days? What else can smooth
The downward path of age that leads to death,
A hoar beyond the grave will cover the way
While the frail lark is floating down the stream
Of time, and hast'ning to the shoreless tide
Of vast eternity. When'er I see
An aged person careless, unconcern'd,
Stepping as 'twere upon the brink of death,
And bending down with one foot in the grave,
No sight appears so melancholy sad.
But pleasure 'tis to view the soul serene
Watching with patience and cheerful hope
For the kind summons to arise and bid
Her take her flight to realms of boundless bliss,
Where sin and sorrow can no entrance find.

PARIS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

We have read of the rise and progress of Kingdoms, States and communities; but the following is told in such a humorous way, and, we believe, is drawn so near to the truth, that we give it to our readers, hoping that they may read it with as much pleasure as we did.

Progress of Towns.—In the case of country towns, where a highland laird or a speculating society has not interfered it is matter of analysis for the fashionable science of political economy to discover how one of them has grown or by what cement it is united. There is a church, that is the ordinary foundation. Where there is a church there must be a parson, a clerk, a sexton, and a midwife. Thus we account for four houses. An inn is required on the road. This produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the midwife, the butcher, the smith, the saddler, and the brewer, require a baker, a tailor, a shoemaker, and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding; and a grancer follows. The grancer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority of dress, whence flows a milliner, and with the milliner a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and shave the smith on Saturday nights; and a stationer to furnish the ladies paper for their sentimental correspondence; an excise-man is sent to guage the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies cannot spell. A tanner, a hosier, and a linen draper, follow by degrees; and as children are born they cry for rattles and ginger-bread. The parson becomes idle and gouty, and gets a curate, and the curate gets twenty children and a wife; and thus it becomes necessary to have more shomakers, tailors, and grocers. In the mean time a neighboring apothecary, bearing with indignation that there is a community living without physic, places three blue bottles in the window; when on a sudden, the parson, the butcher, the land-keeper, the grancer's wife, and the parson's wife, become bilious and nervous, and their children get water in the head, teeth and convulsion. They are bled and blistered till a physician finds it convenient to settle; the inhabitants become worse and worse every day, and an undertaker is established. The butcher having called the tailor prick-louse over a pot of ale, Snip, to prove his manhood knocks him down with the goose. Up on this plea an action for assault is brought at the next Sessions. The attorney sends his clerk over to take depositions and collect the evidence; the clerk finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears, becomes a��ing attorney, and peace flies the village forever. But the village becomes a town, acquires a tank, and a coterie of old maids; and should it have existed in happier days, might have gained a corporation, a mayor, a mace, a quarter session of its own, a county assembly, the us-ix, and the gallows.

From the *London Observer*.

THANKSGIVING, A TALE.

In one of the small interior towns of New-England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess strong hold on the minds of the people, the fact occurred a few years since on which the following tale is founded.

An honest farmer and his family, preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving, at his wife's father's in an adjacent town, were buried and confined extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things, which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be *banked up*, and the gleanings of the harvest, cabbages, turnips, &c. put into the cellar, that the external entrance thereto might be closed for the season. Having carried in the vegetables the boys were despatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage way, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house. An old ram, the horned patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of some of the scattered leaves of the cabbages, unobserved, entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set off on foot

in high glee, the dog running and barking before them, apparently as well pleased with going to Grandpa's as any of the happy group.

Soon after the parent pair and their little ones, having put out the fire, and fastened the doors, and windows, by means of many curious contrivances to keep out thieves, started on the same destination.

In the afternoon of the day following the festival, which had been kept under the paternal roof with many devout and jovial exercises, the family returned home accompanied by some of their young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors, of both sexes were invited in, and a merry thanksgiving carousal was in the full tide of successful operation, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar, with a little tow-wick candle, which gave just light enough to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room with eyes glaring wildly, uttering a half suffocated exclamation—the Devil is in the cellar! "Poh," said the father, you have only been frightened by your own shadow—give me the light." On which he seized the candle, leaving the candlestick clenched fast in the shaking hand of the boy, and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but ere he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the beast caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son—

"Sure enough the devil is in the cellar!" The utmost confusion and uproar now prevailed in the house. The good man seized the great Bible and attempted to read, but the candle spattered, burnt blue and threw so feeble a light on the sacred page, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another.—The little children cried and clung to their mother—the lasses nestled close to their favorite swains, & the whole house shook with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants.—One bright thought however occurred—a messenger was despatched for the minister, "to lay the Devil."

The Parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety and credulity, than for talents and heroism, slipped the small blade into his pocket, put on his hand and surprise, that he might appear as formidable to his great adversary as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishioners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at once "to drive the devil away."—But few moments were lost in asking questions, which no one could answer, before the Parson was pushed forward as a leader, lighted by the same penurious candle into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. When he reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire and the shadowy outline of enormous horns, magnified ten fold at least by the terrors of those that beheld them, removed all doubt if any had previously existed in his mind, as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend. The divine instantly fell on his knees, and with uplifted hands began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the good man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands, that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might at his supposed adversary; but deceived by the swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the Priest, and drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of his surplice, and pulled the Parson with him into the cellar! While thus in the power of his victorious foe, lost to hope as it regarded himself, the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation, "Brethren, take care of yourselves—the Devil has got me!" This exhortation was better obeyed than any, that he had ever delivered from the pulpit; his friends fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had from the first, supposed the need to be nothing more than some domestic animal, but being the lover of fun and willing to see a comedy, he kept his thoughts to himself, and pretended to sympathise with the others in their fears. He now thought it time to interfere, and snatching a pitch pine knot blazing from the fire, expressed his determination to rescue the priest or perish in the attempt. A lovely young damsel laid hold of the skirts of his coat—and the cry of don't, don't proceed from every part of the room. Unheeding this kind of concern for his safety, he rushed into the cellar, seized the ram by one of his horns and dragged the struggling animal up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "follow me." The horned devil was led in triumph, followed by the vanquished Ecclesiastic, into the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued. The passed scene however was to ludicrous too admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before. O. L.

The breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivaled influence; every subjugated passion, like the wind and storm, fulfilling His word.

CURIOS EPITAPH.

A country farmer, by the name of Keazel, residing in the State of Ohio, being desirous of having his epitaph prepared before his death, (though in good health) sent a message to a celebrated Indian poet then passing through that part of the country, requesting him to come and tarry all night with him, and compose his epitaph—for which he proffered to give the Indian his supper, breakfast and bitters; to these proposals he very readily agreed.

Supper was no sooner over, and things somewhat adjusted, than Keazel began to urge the Poet for his epitaph, as he was anxious to hear what it would be. The Indian replied, that he would pay up as he went—he had now got his supper and drank, and would make one half of his epitaph. Thus he began—

"There was a man, who died of late,
For whom Angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love
To waft him to the realms above?"

All, all are interested.

Keazel was so well pleased with this part, that he sent off early next morning to collect in some of his neighbors, that they might hear his beautiful epitaph when finished; making no doubt but the latter part would terminate as happily for him as the preceding seemed so clearly to forebode. The cunning poet having got his breakfast and bitters, shouldered his knapsack, and put himself in a posture for starting, pretending to have forgotten all about the epitaph: however Keazel soon reminded him of his duty. It was now a matter of great importance to him to have his epitaph finished, as the poet had almost raised him into the arms of angels, and only wanted such another impulse to land him in a state of felicity, beyond the reach of all his enemies. His neighbors, too, were waiting with great impatience, to hear the beautiful inscription. Aye, sure enough, said the semi-delinquent, I had like to have entirely forgotten your epitaph, Mr. Keazel. Well, since your neighbors have not heard any part of it, as yet, perhaps I had as well repeat the first part over again. Do so, if you please, replied Keazel, with anxious expectation. Well then, said the Indian poet, standing in the door, and leaning on his staff:

"There was a man, who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms, and wings of love,
To waft him to the realms above—
But while they disputed for the prize,
Still hovering round the lower skies,
In slipp'd the Devil like a weasel,
And down to hell he kick'd old Keazel."

Thus finished, he took to his heels, and old Keazel close after him with his cane: but being unable to overtake the Indian, he returned to share the sympathy of his neighbors, who were all in a roar of laughter.

MARRIAGE.—I have often remarked the eagerness of all classes of people to read or hear the accounts of marriages. "So! John has taken to himself a wife," cries one. "Ah! there has been a wedding," cries another. "Lack-a-day," exclaims an old lady, "So Betty has got a husband at last," and each is anxious to know all the particulars—who married them—who was there—how the bride was dressed and so on. On such occasions I have particularly noticed, that the men seem to sympathise chiefly with the bridegroom, from the cause probably that each has been, or expects to be in the same delicate and interesting situation of the persons for whom their sympathies are excited. The reason is not difficult to explain.

There is no circumstance in life half so interesting as that of entering into the holy bond of wedlock. A choice is made of a companion for life, for good or evil, for prosperity or adversity, for wealth or woe; or, in the good old set terms of the ceremonial, "for better or for worse." Then, too, the new clothes, the solemn ceremony, the wedding banquet, and the nameless delights appertaining thereto, render this period of life far more interesting than any other.—Looked forward to, through the kaleidoscope of Hope, it presents to the young imagination an infinite variety of splendid and beautiful imagery, which charms like illusions of the Persian Genii in the Fatty Tales. The young man hopes his turn may come and I dare not sketch the picture of bliss his fancy draws. The girl from budding fifteen, through blushing twenty up to ripened womanhood, feels, as she hears the account of a wedding, a soft thrill vibrating like the treble chord of the piano through every nerve of her susceptible frame. Her bosom throbs quicker, she breathes with a hurried respiration, yet not painfully; no image that she need blush for, ever casts its passing form across her pure mind, yet she blushes; her eye brightens; her lips assume a deeper stain of the strawberry, she laughs and wonders what ails her, for, how is she interested! The old married people are differently affected and yet they are affected. Memory busily employed in brushing away the cobwebs of Time (and that time is a very industrious spider) from the picture of their nuptial bliss. The husband chuckles his deary under the chin, and instead of addressing himself to her as "Mrs. Mawly," or whatever her name may be, calls her virgin name—"My dear Lucy Howard," and she answers with a modest caress, which speaks most eloquently of the days gone by.

Meanwhile the old Bachelor and old Maid for

get the chair is not big enough for them. The old codger whom no one pities, but every one in turn laughs at as a "lusty old bachelor," very probably recalls to recollection one who in the days of youth reciprocated with him the tenderest feelings of affection. One who listened to the music of his voice with delight; who watched his coming with anxious eye; whose ready ear distinguished the sound of his footstep from among an hundred; who loved—promised—withered before the nuptial hour gave him the right to pillow her throbbing head in his bosom, and died. Or, the lone virgin designated by the unfeeling world as "an Old Maid," may mourn in the depth of suppressed grief, a ruddy youth, of manly brow and gallant bearing, whom the caverns of the ocean have entombed, or who, dead to his plighted faith, may have sought in the arms of wealth for that happiness which true love can alone impart.

All, all are interested.

But the world! what does it care? those who are intent on gain, who worship gold as their God, and have no sympathies unconnected with lucre! Verily they too are interested in marriages. Sitting in my easy chair, these thoughts were passing on my mind, when I dozed, and dreamed a feast was getting up and a large number it was thought would attend. Hymen entered, lighted by his torch, a crowd pressed to the door, but no one was to be admitted until some satisfactory reason was assigned how the person came in Hymen's company. "No one will doubt," said the minister, "my right here for who could have performed the ceremony were I absent?" and seated himself in a large easy chair—"My worship," said a justice of the peace, "could tie the knot as tight as your reverence." A merchant followed with bills of rich silks and every variety of elegant patterns for wedding dresses. The mantua-maker and tailor close upon his heels. "They must certainly have bureaus and probably a cradle," said a cabinet maker as he passed along. "And chairs and settee," said the chair maker. At that instant a doctor appeared; Hymen declared he could not conceive how a disciple of Esculapius could be considered as belonging to his train. "It is a source of my most profitable employment," gravely answered the Doctor. "Then I have right too," exclaimed a nurse, rushing forward; her left arm bearing a piece of diaper. A shout was now raised by the shoemaker—the poulticer—the victualler—the schoolmaster, and the Lord knows who; among the rest a printer popped his nose in at the door, allured by the delightful smell, of the terrapin and oyster soup—"It is a part of my business to publish the marriages," said he. "Let them in, let them in," said Hymen, for it is impossible to tell who is not interested directly or indirectly. Bid them all welcome to the feast?"—and I awoke.

On full consideration I see that there is abundant reason for the interest every body takes in a wedding, and I hear it whispered, by those who understand the signs of the times, there will be more weddings the present year and year to come, than there has been for many years past.—National Intelligencer.

English Houses.—The light, and airy style in which some of our houses are built, have not escaped the satirical eyes of the French. If it be true, as we have often heard, that at Brighton and other bathing places, an able workman will build a house before dinner, which will be let for seven guineas a week, and which any delicate lady of sixteen may dance down before supper, there is certainly some grounds for the following excellent *jeu d'esprit* which is taken from the note of a Parisian Tourist. "In London," says he, "it is common for people to be upset in their houses as it is in Paris to be overturned in carriages; but as the materials are so slight, that small inconveniences attend these *bouleversements*. A house in England falls down, and all the family tumble out and ends into the streets. Well, the inhabitants scramble up, shake themselves from the dust and rubbish. A man with a wheel-barrow comes, shovels up the ruins, and trundles them away. The master of the house then goes to a builder, and treats with him as a Parisian does with his tailor, saying, my family consists of so many, measure us for a house, and see that it be sent home before the end of the week. If he be in straitened circumstances, he adds, and let it be a tight fit. If he be a rich man, a little more latitude or elbow-room is allowed. The builder takes the order, measures the children and servants, and sets up the house. Eng. paper.

Jews at Jerusalem.—Rev. W. B. Lewis, in a letter dated Feb. 23, 1824, says the Jews at Jerusalem are shamefully and inhumanly treated by the Turks. They are forced to work without pay, and are bastinadoed and imprisoned to extort money from them. They are pilloried when they visit the tombs of their fathers, and when they travel through the country. One of the chief Rabbies was shut up in a dungeon for the pretended offence of having left his doors open at night, and his poor brethren were obliged to pay about 270 dollars for his release. Mr. Lewis observes that the palace and dungeons of the Turkish government are supposed to be built on the very spot where the palace and judgment seat of Pilate once stood, and where the ancestors of these suffering Jews exclaimed, "His blood be on us and our children."

The doubtful Frank.—Sometime ago a member of Parliament, well known in the convivial circles, applied to the Post-Office to know why some of his frank'd had been charged. The answer was, "We did not believe them to be yours, the hand writing is not the same." "Why there is a little difference, I grant, but the real truth is, I had made rather free with the bottle, when I wrote them!"—"Then, Sir, will you be so good in future as to write *drunk*, when you frank in that state?" London Courier.

THE OBSERVINE.

PARIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1824.

Swiftly fly the days—the year's soon gone,
And by their flight old age comes on.

This is the last paper which we shall present to our friends and patrons in 1824. The year soon closes—and we must regard the still, but steady advances of time. It was but a short time ago and the sun of summer shone upon us in all his meridian splendor—He is now encumbered in his power, and casts his rays obliquely to earth. The trees are now stripped of their summer robes, and the face of the earth, that was a little while since clothed in beautiful green, is now carpeted with snow. We look, and pause, at this desolation of nature, and amidst our reflections, we are bid to remember that such in a few years must be our own condition; for the blossoms of our spring and the pride of our summer will also fade and decay—the pulse that now beats high, with life and animation, will gradually sink, and must finally stop forever—and while we hear the hoarse murmur of the howling winds of winter around our habitations, their terrific voice reminds us, that we, with all the generations of men, must eventually bow to the cold and stern reign of the winter of death. To-morrow, and where are we?—the place that knew us but yesterday, knows us no more forever.

But in this general desolation of nature, we may look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all; and, contemplating upon it, we must feel the littleness of our own passions, and see that our lives are but a span—the graves of our enemies are viewed as those of our friends, as we consider that shortly ours must be numbered with theirs.

While we thus follow nature, we find it her unvarying character, to lead us "up to nature's God," and perhaps it is for this end that all its varieties have such irresistible dominion over our minds. We behold the bounties of the Almighty in the opening splendor of Spring; in the rich and beautiful appearance of Summer, we view his greatness: in the Autumn, we taste his goodness in his crowning the year with his loving kindness; and in Winter, when we witness the decay of nature around us, we feel that to such an end we must all come at last—Then, lifting up our eyes in search of comfort and support, we gladly descry One who is unchanged, and whose years are ever the same; and we feel and own there is a God, who is our Father and Benefactor.

Although nature yearly perishes, yet it is yearly renewed—The same sun which now so dimly shines upon us, will approach again in his might, and bring with his prolific and golden beams all the promises of Spring, the magnificence of Summer, and the bounteous productions of Autumn. Under these impressions, hope dawns and throws her cheering forebodings across our hearts. Much may be derived in contemplating the seasons as they roll along. There is an eventide in life, when the eye becomes dim—a season, when the head whitens with the prophetic snows of winter, when the current of life is almost frozen, and its streams quite congealed by cold. The Spring has long since past away, the Summer has flown, and Autumn has come, while Winter is near at hand and shortly will close the scene. In days that are gone, we have seen darkness in evening approach, and spread its sable mantle over the globe, but it has disappeared at the coming of the morning. Every year we have seen the leaves fall from the trees, snow cover the ground while the frost has sealed the streams; but Spring came, and the trees resumed their delightful dress, the earth again appeared in green, while the streams murmured along unobstructed by cold. Such reflections serve to cheer us, "in the down hill of life," and hope fills our hearts while life decays.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Extract from a private letter, received by a gentleman in town, from his friend in Washington, under date of December 13, 1824.

Dear Sir.—The early part of a session of Congress furnishes but little news, the time being occupied principally in organizing committees and preparing business to be acted on at a later period.

The President's Message is, like all those which he has presented on similar occasions, happily calculated to inspire the American citizen with attachment to our political institutions, and respect for the government. As a document which goes out to the world, it is perhaps best that it should present the most favorable views, and exhibit the spectacle of our prosperity and greatness in the most imposing aspect. At the present period, we need only a combination of simple facts, without color or exaggeration, to constitute the most flattering picture, and such we find in the Message of the President. With that coolness and prudence which belong to his character, he has slowly, cautiously, patiently, and steadily conducted our intercourse with foreign nations to the most just and fortunate issue, with the governments of Spain and Russia, continued friendly relations on terms of reciprocity between us and the other commercial nations of the world, is forming new and advantageous connections with the rising States of South America, and negotiating for redress of those wrongs which we have sustained during that conflict of the Powers of Europe in which the rights of neutrals were sacrificed by the rage and ambition of the belligerents. These benefits are certainly in great degree the result of the wisdom of the executive department of our federal government. The people, guarding

against those sudden impulses, which form even an honorable pride and virtuous emotions assail every human heart, may do much to keep the public functionaries under that restraint of pacific policy, which places the glory of a republican rather on the diffusion of comfort, intelligence, and contentment than on the splendor of military achievement; but neither they nor their representatives can compel the negotiating, and army and navy commanding power to conduct with deliberation, with dignity, with forbearance, and respect for the laws, when angry passions demand their sacrifices, or ambition is rushing forward for its laurels. The importance therefore of the pending election of our Chief Magistrate must be apparent, and will command the deepest interest of the patriotic citizens of our country, who will look with anxiety to those blessings they enjoy, and consider how much their security must depend on an honest and wise discharge of the duty which has devolved on their representatives in Congress in regard to that election.

Although this country is possessed of immense wealth, by the democratic character of our laws, always tending to an equality of diffusion of property; yet the vast expenditures which the exigencies of a newly settled region require for public purposes, for buildings, for roads, and for multifarious improvements in our States, demand of the federal government the most rigid economy. Liberal as some of our politicians may choose to be for the promotion of magnificent schemes and national aggrandizement, they should recollect that those poor men, who are breaking down the wilderness to plant and adorn the ground with useful crops, are doing more for the honor and happiness of our republic than all their proud projects can accomplish, and that the vast system of internal improvement which the axe and the plough are effecting, should not be burthened by the smallest waste or the lightest tax.

The course of economy, now pursued, forced into favor by the energy of the radicals of Congress, and too obviously salutary to be easily abandoned, has left our treasury, as appears by the Message, in a most favorable state, and with a continuance of the government on the same principles we may expect an early extinguishment of our debt, still amounting to more than eighty millions of dollars. The advantage of continued peace will leave our resources applicable to this object unimpaired; but there is a speck in our horizon which may perhaps grow into a heavy cloud. The continuance of piracy, by which the property and lives of our citizens are so often and so cruelly destroyed, demands of the government an effectual remedy.

The existence of bands of robbers on the land, who lie in wait to plunder our vessels and murder their crews, implicates the local governments, and if the proper representations have been made to the mother country, must render it responsible for the continuance of such nefarious practices. They are such as the honor and the duty of this nation must forbid it from submitting to, and of which the suppression is demanded by interest and humanity. It is at present impossible to determine what measures may be deemed best to be adopted, but it is evident such as will appear to be adequate should at any cost be preferred. Should I pursue the topics of the President's Message, I should be led beyond the limits of a letter and weary your patience, I will therefore leave it to your own reflections, which will undoubtedly lead you to as just conclusions as any I can point out.

The Presidential election continues to be here a topic of deep interest and frequent remark. The parties of Mr. Clay and Mr. Crawford who cannot now seriously think of pursuing any other course than selecting between the two leading candidates, Jackson and Adams, will be much divided; but do not seem as yet to have taken ground. Gen. Jackson has some warm friends. When La Fayette was passing through Pennsylvania, some worthy inhabitant inquired who this "Lafayette" was, "for," said he, "I am for General Shackson any how." This zeal in favor of our distinguished and gallant military chief will do much to conquer that repugnancy which some have entertained against confiding to his intelligence, moderation, judicial acumen, and respect for our constitution and laws, the highest civil office in the country. He has, indeed, perhaps the best chance of any of the candidates; but where either a majority is small or there are many parties it is unsafe to rely confidentially on the anticipation of any specific result. One who is acquainted with human nature as exhibited in the political world will never do so.

I know of nothing which has transpired during the last week in Congress of particular interest except the reception of that distinguished soldier of our Revolution, La Fayette. His introduction into the House of Representatives by a committee of twenty-four States, the address by the Speaker and his own reply, furnished a combination of circumstances novel, interesting, momentous, and calculated to excite an association of ideas which no other spectacle could produce. The offerings of a nation's gratitude, even although alloyed as they have been by pomp, by fashion, by adulation, and by nonsense, do our country the highest honor, and show that our hearts are still devoted to the same cause in which the bravery, the generosity, and the many other virtues of La Fayette were first illustrated. On the part of the people at large, they had but to perform the delightful office of cordial salutation and grateful recognition of their early friend and benefactor. The severer duties of their legislators exact a careful regard to those considerations which are suggested by the eminent services of La Fayette, by a pious veneration for all our revolutionary patriots and by the influence of our

example on posterity in determining them to that point to which they may hereafter look back and be satisfied that they did not go too far nor stop short too soon. Some provision will be made for La Fayette, which shall be honorary to him in its character and creditable to the munificence of the nation; but when we consider that all this procedure is peculiar in the history of nations, and that it must be kept as an insulated case, prohibited as precedent, and barred all use to avail the other heroes of our war of independence, foreigners and citizens, I think you will justify me in saying that I regard it as a case of much delicacy and difficulty.

GARDINER LYCEUM, &c.

Extracts from a letter, written by a traveller, to a gentleman in this town.

This little village of Gardiner I think the best situated in a business point of view of any of the villages which I have seen in our excursions thro' the State. It will undoubtedly take the lead of most of the towns on the Kennebec. The Cobisconte which runs thro' it and empties into the Kennebec at this place, is one of the finest mill streams that I know of. In the course of a mile it falls between one and two hundred feet. It yields a never failing supply of water, and its vicinity to navigation gives the artist every facility for disposing of his produce and sending it to the "ultimo Thule." As you have taken quite an interest in the prosperity of the Lyceum established here, you will perhaps be pleased with some particular notice respecting it. Its object, the novelty of the plan, and the success which has attended it cannot fail to render it highly interesting to every one who has the least regard for the rising generation, and the prosperity of his country at heart. It was first started in 1822, by R. H. Gardiner, Esq. who built a stone edifice for its use and presented it to the Trustees. A charter was granted it by the Legislature, who also allowed it \$2000 from the funds of the State.

This, however, with cautious prudence they limited to one year; leaving it for succeeding members to continue or withhold the support which they had generously bestowed. The money which they received from the State together with a considerable sum which they borrowed, was judiciously spent in purchasing philosophical and chemical apparatus and a small library, perhaps 200 vols.

Thus commenced the Gardiner Lyceum. One student entered, others followed his example and the prospect of becoming prosperous and useful was bright and cheerful. Grateful for the patronage already given, and confidently expecting its continuance, the Trustees exerted themselves to the utmost that they might render their charge a blessing and an honor to that public which had thus far fostered them. But for reasons to me unknown, the expected support was denied them. The Legislature refused them a further grant of monies and the Lyceum was left to struggle for existence. The munificence of its founders has however kept it not only alive, but raised it to a tolerable flourishing state. The plan became more generally understood, the number of students increased; another house was wanting for their reception. He has accordingly erected another commodious building and fitted it with every convenience necessary. The student is accommodated with board and washing for \$1.25 per week, and with a room in the building, a mattress, bedstead two chairs, and a table for 25 cents per week. The rooms are sufficiently large for two, and are warmed by flues from furnace in the cellar—for which he pays 12-12 cents per week. His expenses therefore for victuals, washing, room, furniture and fire are \$1.62 1-2 per week. He must find his own light, bed-clothes and books. His contingent expenses, of course, are regulated by his own experience.

The present state of the institution is this: There are in the first or highest class, 8; in the second, 13; in the third, 32; total 53. They expect several to join the winter classes—the object of which I must refer you to their address. They have a small though good Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus; a small collection of Minerals; a small Library; a stone building destined for the Cabinet, recitation and lecture rooms—many wants, and no funds. And what are those wants, and why should they have funds? A knowledge of the objects and plan of the institution would be a sufficient answer to this query. It is not a College, nor will it ever be one. It is not an Academy. It is a school, established for the purpose of giving a good substantial, practical education to the Farmer, the Sailor, and the Mechanic.—Any one, however, may receive instruction there, who wishes, whatever may be the object of his pursuit in future.

For the course of study pursued, with the mode of government, which is novel in this country, and which, to the great credit of the students, promises complete success, see the address of the trustees.

To put the designs into complete operation, an extensive library is wanted and funds for the annual increase of the library, in order that the student may keep up with the march of improvement which is going forward in other parts of the globe. And as a knowledge of Natural History has become so intimately connected with agriculture and the arts in general, it is of the highest importance that they should have funds for the support of that interesting branch of science. The collection and preservation of specimens in this department are attended with considerable expense, and unless they have wherewithal to defray this expense it will be useless to attempt the thing at all.—Instructors must be supported, and some permanent fund is necessary to maintain them. The student is not barely required to study the theory of the sciences; he must put them, as

far as possible into practice. Is he studying the art of Surveying?—He must take the instruments in his own hand; he must measure the field himself; he must make the plot and calculate its contents from his own data. Is Agriculture to be his future employment?—He can have the opportunity, if he wishes, of cultivating the soil with his own hands, and there out to the test the theoretical principles which he is taught, or try any experiment which may illustrate the subject of his pursuit. For this purpose a farm has been presented by Mr. G., and it will go into operation as soon as possible.

This, while it affords him an opportunity of partly defraying his expenses, also contributes to the storing his mind with practical knowledge and preparing him to be an useful and an honorable member of the community. It may seem paradoxical to some that a man can pursue a regular course of scientific studies and at the same time labor at his trade. But there are instances even now in the Lyceum, of some who more than support themselves by manual labor and yet keep up with their class in their studies. Like Franklin, plying their trade during the day, and trimming the midnight lamp over the page of science. Can there be a prouder example of the equality of the privileges and advantages of our country, and can there be a better foundation laid for the continuance of it than this? The Farmer or the Mechanic is to be kept no longer in ignorance and obscurity, and shut out from the fountain of science, as if it were sacred and their touches would be pollution. No, every avenue is opened and they are invited to taste of its luxuries. Every facility which is at command is given to enable them to acquire such an education as they desire. Shall then an institution like this be suffered to languish? Die it never will. He, who planned and promoted its establishment, has placed it (with what assistance was given by the State) in a condition in which it will continue to live. But shall it always remain a tax on individual bounty? Shall an institution so purely republican, so admirably well calculated to give honor, strength and power (for knowledge is power) to the State be suffered to merely continue in existence? I cannot think so meanly of the people of Maine—nay I know that if its objects and plan were fully understood by all, there is scarcely an individual in the State that would not freely and cheerfully throw in his mite for its support and advancement.

* * * * *

Farewell. I go east to-morrow; you will probably hear from me again at Castine.

Congress.

Congress had not, at our last dates, entered very actively on business. Mr. Webster, the distinguished member from Massachusetts, had gone on a visit to the Ex-President Jefferson. It is not likely that Congress will engage very busily in legislation till after the Christmas Holidays.

We perceive by a notice in the *Christian Monitor*, that the Rev. Benj. Titcomb, Jr. of Brunswick, has not edited the *Maine Baptist Herald*, published in that town, since the 27th, Sept. last; and he says he shall not hold himself accountable for any article that may appear in it for the future.

THE NEW-YEARS' ADDRESS.

To our patrons will be published for delivery, at this office, on Saturday morning next.

The members of Oxford Lodge are requested that their regular communication will be held at Mason's Hall, this evening.

Our list of votes is at length full. We have continued it a number of weeks, knowing the interest that pervades the community with respect to the final result of the electoral vote.

No. of Electors.	Adams.	Congress.	Jackson.	Others.
Maine,	5	9	0	0
New-Hampshire,	8	8	0	0
Massachusetts,	15	15	0	0
Rhode Island,	4	4	0	0
Connecticut,	8	8	0	0
Vermont,	7	7	0	0
New-York,	33	26	5	1
New-Jersey,	8	0	0	23
Pennsylvania,	26	0	0	26
Delaware,	3	1	2	0
Maryland,	11	3	1	7
Virginia,	24	0	21	0
North Carolina,	15	0	0	15
South Carolina,	11	0	0	11
Georgia,	9	0	9	0
Kentucky,	14	0	0	14
Tennessee,	11	0	0	11
Ohio,	16	0	0	16
Indiana,	5	0	0	5
Illinois,	3	1	0	2
Missouri,	3	0	0	3
Louisiana,	5	1	0	4
Alabama,	5	0	0	5

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The communication of "VERITAS" is received, and shall appear next week.

John Gaillard has been re-elected a Senator of the United States from the State of South Carolina, for six years from the third of March next, when his present term of service will expire. Mr. G. has been for some time the *Father of the Senate*—that is, the member who has been, for the longest period, without interval a member of that body. He first entered it in January, 1813.

Mr. Newton, it is well known to most of our readers, is, and has been for three or four years the *Father of the House of Representatives*. He is the only remaining member who was a member at the time of the passage of the celebrated Emancipation Law.

There are several gentlemen in Congress who were members before Mr. Newton was, of whom Mr. Senator King, of New-York, is the oldest, he having been a senator from Mass. in the first Congress (1790). The next oldest to him, probably, is Mr. Senator Macom, the latter of whom has never been out of Congress a single session since he entered it thirty years ago. Had he not been transferred to the Senate, he would of course have been the oldest member of the House of Representatives. —*N.Y. Ed.*

GENERAL SUMMERS.

SANBORNFIELD, (Oneida, N.Y.) *Cont'd.* *Escape.*—An event occurred the first day of the present month of being recorded as it striking truth of an over ruling and governing young man by the name of Noah Sended the well of William Fennell down, and labored in it the for the purpose of clearing it of sand at noon, and took dinner; and a glock, again descended. He called to him to know if he had got the well—Levi replied, "I have of the bottom—I don't know about two or three stones have now I the words were yet in his mouth, but it above him, to the top of an old well when the well was dug, gave was completely enveloped in its smoke—people began fast to assemble—consultation, commenced of getting the body, having taken up the wall about ten feet, way and caved together, and a leaden curb was put in successful operation. Then excavated until they came to the old curb, which was not till twelve o'clock, was so rotten that they were until a new one was made, a the doing of this suspended their digging with renewed activity, and on raising the person in the well heard a groan another descended, spoke to Loomis distinct and correct answer! This they were about twenty-one feet well. The anxiety of the people (and there were several hundred) they appeared completely astonished, calling to Loomis, and as often and correct answers. He was once wholly buried in. He was assonably much hurt, but in great distress, twelve, came to his hands, held of ever his head, and found him as he wedged in. As soon as his head was given him some cordials, and the young man was presented, without bone, to a large concourse of admiring having been buried 24 hours, surface of the ground! He was so in on every side, that he could move to on his left foot, and his fingers after being in the well two or three hours, became very thirsty, and feeling a drop after drop, sufficient to all the medical aid that could be given immediately, as there were several present. He was deprived of his sleep for three or four days, but is now doing to stand, and by the blessing of God, soon recover.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

SARATOGA, (Oneida, N.Y.) Dec. 10.—
Practical Escape.—An event occurred in this town, on the first day of the present month, which is worthy of being recorded as it strikingly illustrates the truth of an over ruling and governing Providence. A young man by the name of Noah Loomis, had descended the well of William Ferguson, which was half dug, and labored in it the fire part of the day for the purpose of clearing it of sand. He came out at noon, and took dinner; and a few minutes before 2 o'clock, again descended. The person at the top called to him to know if he had got to the bottom of the well.—Loomis replied, "I have got within 4 feet of the bottom—I don't know about going any farther, a few more stones have now fallen in." While the words were yet in his mouth, the wall for thirty feet above him, to the top of an old curb which was built when the well was dug, gave way and Loomis was completely enveloped in its ruins. An alarm was given; people began fast to assemble, and after a few minutes' consultation, commenced digging for the purpose of getting the body, having no expectation at the time that the man was yet alive. When they had taken up the wall about ten feet, the remainder gave way and caved in, together with a large quantity of earth at the top of the well. This necessarily suspended their labor until a curb was prepared. About 5 o'clock, tacles and buckets were procured, and put in successful operation. They continued to excavate until they came to the old curb above mentioned, which was not till twelve o'clock at night. The old curb was so rotten that they were afraid to proceed until a new one was made and put within it; the doing of this suspended their digging till 4 o'clock in the morning. After this was done, they again commenced excavating, and on raising a large flat stone, the person in the well heard a groan! He came up, another descended, spoke to Loomis, and received a distinct and correct answer! This took place when they were about twenty-one feet from the top of the well. The anxiety of the people at this moment, (and there were several hundred) was very intense; they appeared completely astonished, and rushed ~~to~~ ^{up} to the top of the well. They again commenced digging with renewed activity and zeal, ~~occasionally~~ ^{continually} calling to Loomis, and as often receiving distinct and correct answers. He was once asked if he was wholly wedged in. He answered, "he was, and not much hurt, but in great distress!" About half past twelve, came to his hands, hold of the rope and raised ever his head, and found him as he said, completely wedged in. As soon as his head was liberated, they gave him some cordials, and about two o'clock the young man was presented, without having a broken bone, to a large concourse of admiring spectators, after having been buried 24 hours, 50 feet beneath the surface of the ground! He was so completely wedged in on every side, that he could move no more than his toes on his left foot, and his fingers on his right hand. After being in the well two or three hours, Loomis became very thirsty, and feeling a drop of water run down his face he reached out his tongue, and received a drop after drop, sufficient to allay his thirst. All the medical aid that could be given, was rendered immediately, as there were several medical gentlemen present. He was deprived of the use of his limbs for three or four days, but is now doing well, being able to stand, and by the blessing of God, he will, it is hoped, soon recover.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 15.—On Friday last, a soldier deserted from the fort, under circumstances which induced a belief that he had stolen forty dollars from one of the officers. As soon as it was known that he had gone, Major Belton despatched a Sergeant and a file of men in search of him, who having spent several hours in useless search, fortunately met Mr. North, a vigilant watchman on the Point, and after giving him a description of him, he recognized in the man described a man whom he had noticed through evening, as having changed his dress, and was indeed from that circumstance, to trace him to his den among the frail structures on the Cansaway, and to which place he piloted the Sergeant and his comrade, and by making a rapid movement upon the gentleman's bed-chamber, surprised him in the arms of his "dear." He made no resistance, but after dressing himself, accompanied the watchman and the guard of soldiers very quietly to the Watch House, where he was detained for safe keeping, until morning. After the trial had been brought up in one of the prison rooms, the Sergeant stated to Captain Evans that he had better take care, as he was a bad fellow, and had a duck, upon which the captain concluded it would be best to take it from him before the guard retired, and for that purpose caused him out into the guard room, and demanded of the prisoner whether he had not a duck, to which he very civilly replied that he had not. The captain then approached nearer to him, and asked him to give it to him, and to which request he as civilly replied that he would, and putting his head into the side pocket of his coat, drew out the duck and stabbed both Capt. Evans and the Sergeant almost at the same instant. Captain Evans was stabbed on the breast, and the Sergeant on the breast and just below the stomach. At the moment of stabbing, he took to his heels and succeeded in making his escape; the Sergeant attempted to follow him but fell at the door from loss of blood; he was however pursued by a file of soldiers and several watchmen up Market-street, and was overtaken by one of the soldiers opposite to Ramsey's Bone Walks, who in order to stop him pricked him in the back with his bayonet, which had the effect to arrest his progress but he sooner stopped than he could his kick with such dexterous certainty, that the soldier received seven stabs in the encounter, and the villain succeeded in getting off and eluded all search for the remainder of the night. He was, however, pursued by order of Major Belton, in the morning, on the Philadelphia road, where it was conjectured he had bent his course, and was arrested and brought back. But such was the determined spirit of the villain, that he bravely stood his steel in defiance of the guard when they came up with him, and it was not until a pistol had been aimed at him that he gave himself up. He is now safely lodged in our gaol, where he will remain until the Court sits, when he will have justice measured out to him. It appears, that when undergoing an examination before the Justice, he behaved with great violence, and manifested a total indifference as to the fate that awaited him.—*Morning Chron.*

A Bold Robber.—This morning, while Mr. Gassner, a broker in Chatham-street, was absent from his office, having left a young lad, his clerk, in charge, a ruffian, who had doubtless been watching the movements of Mr. G., entered the office, and asked the lad if a bill (which he held in his hand) was countersigned. While the lad was looking at the bill, he struck him in the back of the head with a billet of wood, which felled him to the floor. He instantly seized a trunk, containing all the money and valuable papers in the office, with which he made off. Information was immediately given to the police office, and a party of officers sent in pursuit. The trunk was found empty at the hills, near Cortlars' Hook, but for some time no person who could be reasonably suspected was found. Before ten o'clock, however, the boy came sufficiently to himself, to describe the person who committed the outrage, and two persons were seized by the younger Hays, one of whom was

examined and committed, and the other was under examination when this paragraph was written. The person committed has been taken to the law, by whom he was recognized. We understand that the trunk contained money in bills to the amount of about \$1400, and papers of \$10,000 value.—*Com. Adv.*

POERTSMOUTH, Dec. 18.—On Wednesday evening, during the high wind, the mansion house of Madam Buckingham, in Islington-street, was discovered to be on fire. An alarm was immediately given, and by the prompt exertions of the citizens, the fire was prevented from bursting out of the roof. It originated by accident in the upper story, and it is believed that if the flames had not been instantly extinguished, a conflagration would have ensued greater than was ever witnessed in this town.—*Journal.*

ANOTHER STEAM-BOAT BURN'T.

CAHAWBA, Nov. 22.—On Friday afternoon, the Steamboat *Ripleyman*, from Mobile, took fire from her furnace, when within five miles of this place, and, together with a valuable cargo, was almost entirely destroyed.—The wind being very fresh, and blowing into the furnace, produced a blast which communicated fire to the building erected to protect the machinery, and which immediately spread to other parts. A panic, which was instantly spread, from the cry of some of the crew, that there was gun-powder on board, and that the boilers would burst, rendered wholly unavailable all the efforts of Capt. Jeffrey, and a few other self-collected persons, to save the boat.—She was run on shore, and the crew and passengers escaped with part of their luggage, but the books of the boat, and the letter bag, supposed to contain valuable remittances, were burnt up with the boat and cargo. The following are the names of some of the sufferers in prop.-ty, many of them belonging to firms, &c.—Messrs. Mitchell, Vaughan, Crocheron, Pye, Dewel, M'Loughlin, Read, Simpson, Goff, Robinson, Smily, Dow, Graham, Long, &c.

The property lost in the *Ripleyman* steam boat is estimated at \$75,000.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Yesterday, at a quarter before eleven o'clock, Perez Anthony, a black man, convicted of the murder of Theodore Stoddard, on the high seas, was executed in pursuance of his sentence. He was taken by Colonel Harris, the Marshal of this district, from the county gaol, in Leverett street, at ten o'clock, and conveyed to Lechmere point, where preparations had been made for the execution. The warrant for the execution was read by the Marshal, and an appropriate prayer was made by Rev. Mr. Sharp. Immediately afterwards he was swung off, and he died at once without any struggle. It was his own wish that the execution should take place without the least unnecessary delay. The Marshal very judiciously performed his duty with as little parade as possible, and was desirous of avoiding any thing that would attract a great concourse of spectators. A large number of spectators however were assembled, whose conduct was extremely orderly, and no unpleasant accident occurred.

On the 13th Dec. the jail at Edenton, N.C. was destroyed by fire. The fire was no doubt communicated by two colored people, who were confined in the jail; one of them has confessed the crime. An old billiard table was pulled down to prevent a further extent of damage.

On Thursday night about 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the store of W. & A. Marvin, in South Market-street, Albany, and destroyed property to the amount of from 7 to \$8,000.

The store of J. & N. Clarke & Co. at New-Haven, with its valuable contents, was destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. The books of the office of the New-Haven Insurance Company, and other papers of that institution, were also destroyed.

MIDLETOR, (Conn.) Dec. 8.—Twenty-three years ago, George Robbins, of Waterfield, went to sea, and was supposed to be lost. His parents have long mourned for him. On Sunday last, his brother received from him the following letter, written in the Spanish Mines.

"Yucatan, May 20, 1824.

DEAR BRO.—AS:

This is my first time for fourteen years, I have had an opportunity of writing any body. Fourteen years ago I shipped on board a smuggling vessel, in Yucatan, we got taken and carried in by a Spanish Man of War and were condemned, and all of us sentenced to three years in the Mines. We had been in about one year, when our Captain laid a plan, we thought, to get clear in getting out of the Mines. Our Captain killed a sentinel, we were overpowered, our Captain was gibbeted, and all of us sentenced to the Mines for life. The Governor has cleared one man, for good behavior, and promises to clear all of us, his next birth day, if we behave ourselves as well as we have done. We are not all wed to write, but, by the help of a woman, I have got pen and paper. The man that is cleared, carries the letter out of prison, stuck to the bottom of his foot. To relate my misfortunes and sufferings, would be more than you can have an idea of, but the worst of them is over, I hope. If through the blessing of God, I shall get clear, and once more enjoy my friends and country, it would seem like a new world to me. Most likely my Father is dead. Give my affectionate love to Father, if alive, and all the Sisters.

Dear Brothers, I remain your affectionate Brother,

GEORGE ROBBINS."

* The old man is alive, and ready to go and visit his son, if there is no redemption.

Post-Office Department.—By the annual report of the Post Master General, it appears, that the total amount of receipts for postage for the three quarters ending 30th June last, was \$970,866 32; that the amount of expenditures during the same period, was \$863,121 50; leaving the sum of \$10,744 63 more than the expenses of the Department. The increase of the receipts during the above period over those of the year preceding is stated at \$42,787 14; the estimated increase in the 4th quarter is put at \$15,000; making an augmentation of receipts for the four quarters of nearly \$38,000.

An Act of Insanity.—On Friday morning, Henry Hall, of Peters township, in this county, deliberately took a little bound boy, three or four years old, out to spring near his dwelling house, sat down and placed the boy's head between his knees, and with a shoemaker's knife nearly severed his head from his body, cutting round and round the neck into the bone! This unfortunate being, was on the same day, committed to prison, to await his trial.—*Washington pa-*

United States Armory at Springfield.—Considerable additions have been made to this establishment, the past season. Three fire-proof buildings have been erected, 120 feet long each, two of which are intended for workshops and the other for a store house, where the finished muskets may be safely deposited. Other improvements have also been made, calculated to facilitate the work. It is probably the greatest establishment of the kind in the United States. There are at present manufactured 13,000 muskets annually, an average of about 40 per day. Every department of labor is managed with the best advantage, and many improvements have been and are frequently making, by the ingenious workmen, which increase the facility of discharging their work. No.

thing but improved are made, upon which are employed about 200 men; and it is calculated that not less than 1000 men, women and children derive their support from this establishment.—*Springfield pa-*

LATEST FROM FRANCE.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 20.—The packet ship Cadmus, Capt. Allyn, arrived yesterday morning from Havre, whence she sailed on the 5th ult. We have received Paris papers to the 1st inclusive.

Capt. Allyn visited the family of Gen. La Fayette at La Grange, and left them all well on the 24th October. He has brought letters for the General and his son. Capt. A. has also brought out a Portrait of the General, intended as a present to Congress, by M. Scherer (painter of Paris).

The Captain General of Madrid has published a Royal Decree, declaring all those guilty of high treason who attempt to seduce their fellow-citizens by any means whatever.—All who shall excite insurrections for the purpose of making the King act contrary to his will—all freemasons, curaneros, and other societies not comprised in the amnesty of the 1st of August, 1824—and all those who shall hereafter use any seditious language. The punishment may in some cases be altered to imprisonment from two to ten years.

Great consternation prevailed at Madrid in consequence of the above decree, and the city was in a very confused state. The great timber ship Columbus, has arrived at Quebec.

From the Augsburg Gazette.
GREECE.

News from Trieste, of October 14th, speaks of a new victory obtained by the Greeks on the 25th of Sept. over the Turkish Egyptian fleet, between Patmos and Samos. The Ottomans, after their defeat, fled to Mytilene with 35 vessels, pursued by 24 Greek vessels. All the Musselman transports, to the number of 100, remained at Budrum or fell in the hands of the Greeks. It is further stated that the son of the Pacha of Egypt, Ismael Gibraltar, commander of the fleet of his father, and once aide-de-camp to Gen. Grouchy, and a nephew of the P. de Tunis, has been taken, together with 3 millions of piastres, which they had carried to Napoli di Romania. The viceroy of Egypt has lost his last frigate, which bore the Admiral's flag.

It is said however, that the Pacha of Scutari is about organizing a corps of Albanians for the Porte, and has engaged Omar Vrissie to break his agreement with Mavrocordato.

A Paris paper furnishes the following remarkable anecdote.—About 100 years ago a man aged 18, was condemned to the gallows for a hundred years and a day. The man has suffered in full the sentence of the law, and has now returned to Lyons in France, where, claiming an estate belonging to his family, the proprietor, M. Berthon, who had thought his purchase very fair and safe, agreed, by the advice of his lawyer, to settle the contentious matter by giving the real proprietor £4,500, sterling (nearly 20,000 dollars.) This wonderful old man, at the age of 118, has lately offered his hand to a woman, and is shortly to be married.

Republic of Hayti.—The large ship Telegraph, at Philadelphia, is intended to sail for Port Plate and Port-au-Prince, Hayti, on Christmas day. Excellent arrangements having been made by the agents of the Emigration Society, it is expected she will go full of passengers.

Arrangements are in rapid progress, in North Carolina, for accommodating several hundred emigrants, who are already enrolled for early spring vessels.

The spirit of enterprise is spreading, and many thousands of the people of color, will no doubt annually leave the United States for Hayti.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, by Rev. James Hooper, Capt. Alfred Andrews, to Miss Eliza Cushman.

In Buckfield, by Rev. S. Sewall, Maj. Lucius Loring, to Miss. Sally Long.

In Norway, by Joshua Smith, Esq. Mr. Ami R. Lane, of Paris, to Miss Eliza Whitehouse, of Hebron.

In New-Gloucester, Mr. Nathan Cobb, of Portland, to Miss Catherine, dau. of Mr. Thos. Wharf.

DEATHS.

At Rutland, Mass. Mr. Arby Bullard, aged 30. He was instantly killed by the falling of a tree.

In Cape Elizabeth, Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr. Simeon Davis, aged 90 years.

In Portland, 28th inst. wife of Rev. Russell Streeter, after a protracted illness of 46 days.

In Northampton, Mass. Mr. Eli Smith, 35. He was drowned, at night in a small brook, when in a state of intoxication.

At the State Prison, Thomaston, Simeon Record, who was convicted at the last Supreme Court, for adultery with his daughter, hung himself on the night of the 7th inst. with the lashings which he took from his hammock.

In Lawrence district, S. C. Rev. Colman Carlisle, a minister of the Methodist Church.

In Chester, Penn. recently, the Rev. John Krutzer. He was in the pulpit, and had just given as his text—

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," when he fell, and instantly expired.

HAT STORE REMOVED.

99 Exchange-Street

AS REMOVED from Exchange-Street, to No. 2, Boyd's Building, Middle-Street, second door from Exchange-Street; where he has just opened a prime assortment of

Gentlemen's, youth's and children's HATS, of various qualities and manufactures;

Gentlemen's, youth's, and children's FUR CAPS, various prices;

Ladies' and Misses' BEAVER BONNETS and Chin-chilla Caps, Fur Trimmings, &c.;

Gentlemen's GLOVES and UMBRELLAS.

ALSO—a few bales BUFFALO ROBES.

For the above selected by himself, expressly for retailing, and will be sold at a small advance for CASH.

Particular attention will be paid to orders and any article, sent upon an order, which should disappoint the expectations of the purchaser, or that should not fit, may be returned and exchanged, or the money will be refunded.

*CASH will be paid as above for
1000 Prime FOX SKINS.

Portland, Dec. 9, 1821. (J. B. Mead.)

SALES AT AUCTION.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN by virtue of an Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Store of STEELE & BROWN, in Brownfield, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon:

All the right, title and interest which JONATHAN STOKER, of said Brownfield, has in or to the right to redeem the following mortgaged Real Estate, viz: the HOMESTEAD FARM, on which the said Stoker now lives, together with all the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

BENJ. BUCKNELL, Deputy Sheriff.
Hiram, December, 24, 1824. Sw. 26

SHERIFF'S SALE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Saturday, the twenty-second day of January next, at one o'clock, afternoon, on the premises

DAVID ADKINS holds, owns, or claims in and to the LOT of LAND wherein he now lives, in Peru, in the County of Oxford, in virtue of a possession or improvement.

ISRAEL D. TRASK, Deputy Sheriff.

December, 21, 1824. Sw. 24

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a Court of Sessions begun and holden at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1824—the Court then ordered and assessed a tax of six cents per acre on Plantation number two, in said County; lying southerly of the town of Rumford, containing twenty-two thousand three hundred and forty-five acres; amounting to the sum of thirteen hundred and forty dollars and seventy

From Baldwin's London Magazine.

LEGAL LYRIC.

Oh ! think not your pleadings are really so sly,
And as free from a flaw as they seem to you now,
For, believe a demur will certainly lie—
The return of to-morrow will quickly show how ;
No, law is a waste of impertinent reading,
Which seldom produces but quibbles and broils ;
And the lawyer, who thinks he's the nicest in pleading,
Is the likeliest far to be caught in its toils.
Dear brother attorney ! how happy are we !
May we never meet worse in our practice of law,
Than the flaw a demur can gild with a fee,
And the fee that a conscience can earn from a flaw.
Yet our doors would not often be dark, on my soul,
If Equity did not to Law lend its aid ;
And I care not how soon I am struck off the roll,
When I see these blessings shall cease to be paid :
But they who have fought for the weakest or strongest,
Too often have wept over the credit they gave,
Even he who has shamed in Chancery longest
Is happy if always his costs he can save.
But, my brother *in law*, while a quarreling germ
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be ours,
That action-at-law may employ every term,
And equity-suit chear vacational hours !

OBLIVION.

I saw a monarch great in name,
Of high renown and matchless fame,
Deck'd with his royal robes and crown,
I saw *Oblivion* strike him down.
I saw a conqueror in his car,
Leaded with trophies gain'd afar—
I saw *Oblivion* hurl his dart,
And pierce the hero to the heart.
I saw a stately column rise,
Adorn'd with sculptur'd victories—
I saw *Oblivion* make a thrust,
And lo ! it crumbled into dust.
I saw a man, in modest dress,
Assist the poor and fatherless—
I saw *Oblivion*'s mighty arm
In vain attempt to do him harm.
When this I saw, I musing said,
“ *Oblivion* now thy power is dead ;
A virtuous man may thor' thy
His deeds are register'd on high.”

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The existence of a God manifested in his works.

Every object, presented to the view of man, manifests a Supreme Being. Nor does the flower, which blooms unseen, and wastes its sweetness in the desert, afford a less display of divinity, than the spacious concave, adorned with innumerable stars and planets which a wheel unshaken thro' the void immensity. The beauty which all nature glows, and the perfect adaption of the several parts of the universal whole, at once refute the wire-drawn sophistry of the Atheist, and strongly impress the mind a conviction, that they have been moulded by the plastic hand of an all-wise and omnipotent Being. Nor in their beauty only are we enabled to trace the divine Architect—were the volume of nature unfolded to our view, we should discover that there exists not one useless particle of matter. Innumerable species of animated beings, existing for a moment, and which have never been delineated by the naturalist, form each a link in the great chain of existences, extending from infinity to nothing. With what sublime ideas must a contemplation of the works of Deity fill the soul ! When we look abroad on surrounding objects, from the oak, which for centuries has braved the tempest, to the rose which adorns the valley, our minds cannot but be filled with admiration. The most minute objects, which being familiar, are disregarded, if viewed in all their connexions and consequences, must convince us that they are formed by design, and that their author is worthy of adoration.

But when we contemplate the more sublime scenes of nature—the tempest spreading desolation—the violence overwhelming cities in one moment of ruin ; the earthquake engulfing whole provinces in a bottomless abyss—when we call our imagination into the infinite regions of space, and behold systems of worlds pursuing their destined courses in the vast immensity, we exclaim, there must be a God.

A notwithstanding man, unable to investigate the manner in which the sovereign of the universe brings things into existence, when “ he spake, and it was done,” can only know that for him all things were made, and that to comprehend it would be but satiety an impudent curiosity, he is endowed with faculties which enable him to make nature subservient to his use. By the art and industry of man are the most powerful agents of nature made to promote his felicity. By his industry the barren heath is turned into the fertile field, the whole earth teems with the bounties of nature, and every bosom waits him the conveniences of life on the bosom of the ocean.

Though all the works of creation from the towering edifices of Lebanon to the humble hyssop springing on the wall, carry evident marks of divine impression, it is in man the existence, power and goodness of a God are particularly displayed. His form is calculated at once to please and terrify. The fiercest beast, which roams the forest, and satisfies his hunger with blood at the sight of man shrinks appalled. To give the evanescence of that soul, which animates him, marked in every feature, in every movement, is a striking characteristic of him, that though man, in beauty surpasses animated creation, a being endowed with reason and religion to move particularly arrests our attention. His mind is so organized that it seems to exert no power, no capacities of perception, no instincts or feelings which are necessary, or can be conducive to the completion or happiness of a being perfect in all its parts and man-

ifesting its divine mechanism. These powers are indeed left rude and unpolished, that art may have full scope in unfolding, and raising them up, and bring them to maturity. But as the seed, which contains the stamina of the future plant, calls for the enlivening rays of the sun to produce the ambrosial flower, so do they require the maturing rays of the sun of science to call forth their beauties and enable their possessor to fulfil the end of his existence. Of improvements man has not been negligent. The perfection to which the sciences and arts have been carried, is a proof of the unbounded powers of the mind. Is then such a being as man, so exalted, so noble, capable of such perfection, who can trace effects to their causes, bring past scenes to view, enjoy the present, and from analogy, judge of the future—the mere child of contingency ? No ; such an idea is the creature only of minds corrupted by vice, who, conscious of having forfeited all claim to felicity in another world would wish to believe, their existence is not to be protracted beyond the present life.

The Jewish Prophets.—Direct your attention for moment to the characters of those extraordinary men, the Jewish prophets. Their history, told simply as it is themselves, appears to be enough to convert infidelity. They seem solely to have lived to God, to have passed through mortal existence in a sacred abstraction from its seductions, its infirmities and its passions. When we read of Elijah defying the rage of the king, and the madness of the people, and trusting himself fearlessly to the desert and to famine, for the sake of God and of his truth ;—of Isaiah, the uncle of a monarch, disregarding the splendor and power of a court, and bearing awful and single testimony against its depravity and danger ;—of Jeremiah, who, whether bro't before the presence of his king, and beholding his countenance with compunction, or plunged by his wrath into a dungeon,—alike in palace and in dungeon testifying the truth of God, and calling on the infatuated people (while his voice could yet be heard) to witness the fulfilment of that truth ;—of Daniel who even in the court of the king of Babylon dared to announce to him the destruction of his kingdom ; and braved the anger that might have crushed the prophet of ill—dust before his unwelcome message was said ;—while we read of such men and of such things, we are struck with the sublime and unearthly superiority of those beings, not only to their contemporaries, but to all mankind. I know that history abounds in instances of self-denial as severe, and of voluntary suffering as terrible, but what those who form the heroes of historic narrative underwent, was for themselves, their own pride—passions—self in some way is apparent through all their heroism. But what these men did and suffered, they did and suffered for God : “ they endured as seeing him who is invisible.” Their superiority was owing to no external cause ; they were slaves, prisoners, victims, “ destitute, afflicted, tormented ;” their superiority was owing to that communication with God, and with the powers of the invisible world, which makes the present, with all its seductive and dangerous nearness, all its tangible claims, appear in comparison as the drop of the bucket or the dust of the balance—a thing to be glanced at, weighed, found wanting, and disregarded. Their history leaves on the mind this indelible impression : “ If these men were not of God they could do nothing”—they could not at least have been the men they were.

Maturia.

An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate, “ and what did you do with it ? ” asked the confessor. “ Father,” said he, “ I made tea of it.”

Sailor's Wish.—When the British ships under Lord Nelson were bearing down the combined fleet of Trafalgar, the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going round to see all hands were at quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun. A very unusual attitude in an English sailor, excited his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid. “ Afraid ! ” answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain ! No ! I was only praying that the enemy's shot may be distributed in the same proportion as the price money : the greatest portioning the officers.”

A number of gentlemen, dining one day upon Salmon, some of them preferred Pickled, others Mackerel : a hisman standing up says, “ Sir, Patrick, or all the fish in the sea, I prefer *Pork and Paste*.”

In a church a few miles from London, the Priest was repeating that part of the Litany which offers up prayers “ for all those who travel by water,” &c. The Clerk suddenly exclaimed, “ Except my wife, who eloped from me two days ago.”

A Bit of a Shoot.—The Captain of a vessel lying in the river, wishing to give his crew a treat, on a reclining day, left two of the sons of St. Patrick to take care of the ship, and told them they might have a double allowance of grog ; but cautioned them against firing a gun, except there was reason to apprehend some great danger. This they faithfully promised ; but, after enjoying a hearty dinner, the irons became heated with the flames of their liquor, and one of them proposed having a *shout* to themselves ; which the other objected to, as it would make such a *derilish noise*. This occasioned a short pause ; but, in invention, the most sagacious said he could prevent that, and immediately placed the iron pot, used for cooking, on the mouth of the gun, and seated himself across it, and held the pot by the ears to prevent its flying off. Being asked by his messmate if he was ready, he answered in the affirmative, but requested him to *shout easy*. The report was heard by the captain and crew, who hastened on board and inquired the reason of the alarm. “ Murphy and I,” answered Pat, “ had a mind to have a bit of a shoot to ourselves.” “ Where is Murphy ? ” said the captain. “ Who is Murphy ? ” replied the Irishman, smiling, and scratching his head, did'n you meet him now ? faith he's just goin' ashore at the cross-pot.”

A surveyor of taxes, named Hyde, was examining a house ; by the side of which was a tar pit, and while disputing with the tenant about the number of windows it contained, he most unfortunately slipped into the pit. “ For God's sake, cried he, help me ! ” “ Next ! ” said the proprietor, “ I dare take nothing from the acre without the consent of the executors ; and it would be a pity to pull out a Hyde before it is well tanned.”

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

THE non-resident proprietors of the several lots of land hereinafter described, lying in the Town of Peru, formerly known by the name of No. 1 Plantation, on the west side of the Androscoggin river, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, are hereby notified that the same are taxed in the bill committed to me, the subscriber, Collector for said Peru, for the State, County and Town taxes, for the year 1823, and deficient highway tax for the year 1824, in the respective sums following, viz :

Treasurer's GRANT.

Name.	Lot.	Range.	Area.	Rate for 1822.	Total.
Not known,	8	10	100	75	1 17
	6	5	100	100	1 10
	9	10	100	50	1 10
	4	11	100	50	1 10
	8	11	100	50	1 10
	5	12	100	75	1 21
	7	12	100	100	1 21
	3	14	100	25	1 21
	5	9	100	75	1 21
	2	14	100	75	1 21
Morse,	14	10	81	81	1 21
Morse,	9	8	100	150	1 21
	6	9	100	150	1 21
	6	8	100	100	1 21
	6	9	100	100	1 21

If no person appears to discharge the above mentioned taxes, on or before the second Monday in January next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, so much of the several above described lots will then be sold at Public Auction, to the highest bidder as will be sufficient to pay the same, and all necessary charges, at the centre School House, in said Peru.

ADAM KNIGHT, Collector.

Peru, Dec. 9, 1824.

3w 25

PROBATE NOTICES.

To a Court of Probate held at Paris, within the County of Oxford, on the fourteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-four.

CHARL SMITH and LUCY SMITH, late Lucy TRASK, Administrators on the estate of ALICE TRASK, late of Dixfield, in said County, Gentleman, deceased, having presented their fourth account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and wife the petition of the said Lucy, as widow of said deceased, praying for an allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

Ornament.—That the said Administrators give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Observer, printed at said Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in Paris, in said County, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge,
Copy, attest, THOMAS WESTON, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself, the trust of Administrator of the estate of LEONARD PRATT, late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate to make immediate payment ; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

WILLIAM MUNROE,
Waterford, Dec. 14, 1824.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of RUFUS BARKER, late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, Trader, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He, therefore, requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased estate to make immediate payment ; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to ARNOLD WHITTEMORE,

Livermore, Dec. 14, 1824.

CAUTION.

WHEREAS I, JOHN BICKNELL, of Buckfield in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, did, on the seventh day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty six, execute and deliver to RICHARD BURGE of Buxton, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Levi Rogers, Junior, of said Buckfield, and PRESCOTT POWD of Porttington, in the County of Oxford and State of Connecticut, a Power of Attorney, for me and in my name to sell and make dispositions of my “ new and useful improvement for growing corn and various kinds of grain,” known by the name of Bicknell’s improved Grist Mill, situated in the State of Massachusetts lying West of Connecticut river, the whole State of Connecticut and New York. Now be it known, that I hereby revoke and annul said power of attorney given as aforesaid, according to the express stipulation therein specified.

JOHN BICKNELL,
Buckfield, (Me.) December 16, 1824.

Editor of the “ American Mercury,” in Hartford, Conn. is requested to insert the above advertisement these weeks ; and send his bill to this office for payment.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore,

THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC,
FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

1825.

* * Sold also by Thomas Crocker, Esq. Simeon Cummings, Messrs. Morse & Hall, Jr. Shaw, Esq. and Ebenezer Drake, Esq. Enoch Crocker, Nathan Atwood and Messrs. Long & Loring, Buckfield ; John R. Birge, Woodstock ; Ichabod Bartlett, Norway ; Messrs. Crocker and Crockett, Rayford ; and the Treaders generally.

Dec. 30, 1824.

THE WREATH,
A NEW PAPER, Quarterly conducted by a Society of Literary Gentlemen in Portland.

Subscriptions received at the Oxford Bookstore where the numbers may be examined.

Oct. 7.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY ASA BARTON,

For the Proprietor, at two dollars per annum, to be paid semi-annually.

No paper discontinued, until all arrears are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted, and the usual rates.

LET ALL LETTERS addressed to the publisher, and post paid.

* * The Publisher, above, deems it expedient to give notice, that while he shall always endeavor to be fully correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement, beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

—o—o—

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE OBSERVER.

Will be received by the following gentlemen:

Anchorage.....JAMES F. BROWN, Esq.

Bethel.....Mr. MOSES BAILEY.

Columbia.....E. L. HAMMOND, Esq.

Canton.....HORN CORNELL HOLLAND.

Dixfield.....HENRY PARTRIDGE, Esq.

Jay.....ROB. JAMES STARR, Junr.

Livermore.....SAMUEL MORRISON, Esq.

Newport.....RELEEF WASHBURN, Esq.

Minot.....MR. JOSHUA PARSONS.

Scarborough.....DOCTOR BETHELL CAREY.

Fairfax.....FRANCIS ELIOT, Esq.

Waterville.....DOCTOR JOHN P. FRITH.

For our woodlands and mountains

CAUTION.

WHEREAS John Beck has left my house and board, which I have agreed to provide for him—I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting.

WM. R. HEMINWAY.